Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What and from *Troylus* to?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Cref. Is't possible?
Troy. And suddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iusles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes:
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
With distinct breath, and consignde kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.
Æneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*
Cries so to him that instantly must die,
Bid them haue pacience she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Cref. I must then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Cref. A wofull *Creffid* mongst the merry Greekes,
When shall we see againe.
Troy. Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My

My
sequent protestatio
Cref. Oh you shalbe
As infinite as immine
Troy. And ile grow
Cref. And you this g
Troy. I will corrupt
To giue thee nightly v
Cref. Oh heauens be
Troy. Here why I spe
The Grecian youths a
And swelling ore wit
How nouelty may mo
Alas a kinde of Godly
(Which I beseech you
Makes me a feard.
Cref. Oh heauens yo
Troy. Die I a villaine
In this I do not call yo
So mainely as my me
Nor heele the high la
Nor play at subtill g
To which the Grecia
But I can tell that in
There lurkes a still, a
That tempts most cun
Cref. Do you think
Troy. No, but som
And sometimes wea
When we will tempt
Presuming on their
Eneas within. Nay g
Troy. Come kisse, a
Paris within. Brothe
Troy. Good brothe
And bring *Eneas* an
Cref. My Lord will
Troy. Who I, alas it
Whiles others fish w